

## LIGHT AT EVENTIDE

By Addison Moore

At evening time it shall be light.—Zech. 14:7.



THE last rays of the departing sun sweep into the silent skies and light the stars that are waiting to become night's sentinels. The laborer's tasks are done and from field and toll weary steps are turned toward home. The after-glow has faded from horizon to zenith and back to horizon again and the world so recently alive with light fades into the time of reverie and rest. And yet at eventide it shall be light. The prophet is somehow kin to the Scotch minstrel whose song of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" best lends meaning to the prophetic word. For the evening light is surely not the sunlight, nor is it yet the moonlight; but it is candle light that cheers the hour that would else be filled with the deepening gloom of dusk and dark. Not until most recent years could the twilight hour be filled with any other light than that of the primitive candle, whose pleasant rays, though soft and feeble, sufficed to set ablaze that great light which makes clear and plain life's pathway. For in the light of the candle our fathers read the Book from which the true light shines. Robert Burns has caught the spirit of the prophetic truth as he says:

The cheerful supper done, with serious face  
They round the ingle form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace  
The hallowed Bible, once his father's pride.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

Such scenes have not been peculiar, however, to Scotland, but they have been characteristic of the homes of Christian folk of every kindred and tribe and tongue since that long ago Easter dawn which heralded the risen Lord. When shadows have been deepening the faith of Christian hearts has been as the light of a candle to set ablaze the beacon light of endless day. And herein is evidenced the true worth of our religion, for it alone among all the religions the world has known gives light at eventide.

### False and True Lights.

All men have not always thought so, and when the pages of history are consulted scenes are witnessed that portray the efforts men have made to lighten the shadows of life's waning day. Here is a banquet hall in Rome, flooded with the myriad lights of lamps and brilliant with the scintillating gems that bedeck the gorgeously appareled personages of that imperial city of the Caesars. The delicacies of the market and the choicest vintages of the years are placed before the favored guests. The extreme of indulgence is permitted in the sensual pursuit of pleasure and the sounds of revelry arise while fast and furious grows the spirit of merriment.

Beneath that hall a different company gathers. They have no blazing lights nor flashing gems. No costly food nor vintages. The room in which they meet is bare of luxury and far from the light of day, and such light as is provided serves to accentuate the shadows of the catacombs into which the little company has cautiously found its way. As eyes grow accustomed to the place a table is seen and on it there is a cup of native wine, and some bread which is being broken as one says, "This do in remembrance of me." But where is the true light shining? In the hall of the Caesars or in the catacombs?

The shadows are gathering rapidly and Rome's day is nearly done. "Eat, drink and be merry" is the Roman's motto, and soon the day will end in night. The shadows are gathering fast and faster and the Christian hearts in Rome might well be stricken with despair as persecutions and martyrdoms become their lot. But the faith of Christian hearts is the candle shining in the gloom and from its little flame the great light of eternal truth is set ablaze.

### The Light That Jesus Casts.

And it is all happening because Jesus had light for the shadows. His faith in God was the candle that at his eventide enabled him to read God's message and to interpret it for all mankind. The message which he read in his soul was the principle of the resurrection. He himself was the resurrection. Such he was to Martha. The woman that she became, filled with loyalty to her Lord, she became because he had influenced her life. The man that Saul of Tarsus became when he became the apostle to the Gentiles he was because Christ had brought him to life and to the light of immortality. The church that was constituted by men who had been cowards when they fled from the disaster of his death, was possible because he had made these same men courageous by his resurrection. Always when he has touched human hearts it has been to make them grow humane; when he has touched human laws he has made them just; when he has influenced human institutions he has made them sacred. Because his touch has resulted in an awakening to a sense of life's endowment and his influence has called men to see the sacredness of

the passing hours of time so soon to be merged into eternity.

The effect that this truth has upon conduct is displayed in many ways, not the least evident of which is the manner of dealing with lives that dwell within the shadows. The traveler may search amid the ruins of Rome and Greece or wander among the recently excavated cities long ago buried beneath the dust of the centuries, but nowhere will he find the suggestion of a hospital or an asylum for the unfortunates of the earth. The care which the modern world bestows upon those who suffer from the ills and misfortunes of our human lot is bestowed in the name of our risen Lord. The words we speak to solace hearts bereft of loved companionship are declarations of our kinship with him whose resurrection is a pledge of our own. The assurance with which we close our eyes to sleep the last sleep is possible because as he lives we have the promise of an eternal awakening.

### The Blessing of This Light.

Because of the reality of this message we are "persuaded that neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, can separate us from the love of God." But we can persuade nobody to believe us unless we live the resurrection life. For the message is of such a kind that to believe it transforms the believer. He is no longer indifferent to his personal obligation to individuals whom he may comfort by his testimony or to the agencies through which he may send the great gift of the truth to hearts and lands shadowed by ignorance, by sorrow and by sin.

The first effect of this wonderful manifestation of God's care for us is to compel the man who believes the revelation of immortality which Jesus makes to say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" And when he has done all he can to tell the story, finding the need of the world so much greater than he is able to meet, he seeks out those like minded with himself. These kindred souls form an assembly, a church. For a church is simply an assembly of men and women who have the mind of Christ, who are minded to do his work in the world, who as individual members of the assembly and in their corporate capacity as an assembly seek to do as Christ did and become lights in the world. And the candle power of the church is increased only as each member of the church lets his light shine.

As the traveler returning from abroad nears Sandy Hook it may be his fortune to approach the harbor at eventide. The shadows are covering the face of the deep while the ship plunges on towards port. Presently as night descends the skies begin to reflect an occasional beam of light. Though still far at sea the traveler learns that the light has been pierced by an arrow of light from the lighthouse on the highlands of Navesink, a lighthouse whose lantern carries a light of 200,000 candle power, visible, when reflected from the clouded skies, for 40 miles. At eventide it is light and the light is from the harbor of home, sweet home.

### The Glory of the Lesser Lights.

How many Christians are there? About 500,000,000? One candle added to another until there are half a billion Christian hearts lighted. And are all these candles shining? No, some are hiding the light for various reasons. Perhaps it is thought that the little light is too feeble to be of use, perhaps because to let the light shine out would mean to clear away some selfish love of ease. But by so much as the light is hidden, by so much is the consummation of Christianity delayed. With tremendous meaning Jesus said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father." It is for us to let shine such light as we possess. So did two disciples not knowing what they did. They believed indeed that Christ was dead. And the stranger with whom they walked to Emmaus, though he stirred their hearts, remained unrecognized. Eventide had come and they had reached the home that was to shelter them. Rest and refreshment awaited them, but for their companion there was only the deepening shadows and the coming night. Pitying his loneliness, they gave him urgent welcome to what they had. "Abide with us, for it is toward evening and the day is far spent." And accepting the invitation he entered the house with them. Wonderfully did the light shine that eventide! Most memorable that hour when at the twilight meal he became known to them in the breaking of bread. Believing him dead, he had nevertheless risen in their hearts. His presence there had made possible their tenderness and their ministry to the stranger's need. The light they had let shine out in that evening time, and lo! at evening time the light of the world was revealed to them, risen, as he had said. It is true beyond any question that to talk of Christ and to live for Christ is to let him live in us, moving us to worthy deeds and inspiring us for useful service. So by the testimony of our lives shall we send out the light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, till all mankind shall say: "Truly the light is sweet," the light which shining at evening time reveals the way that leads to the safe harbor of the soul's eternal home.—From the Christian Work and Evangelist.

### Revolution of Civilization.

If the industrial revolution which women's entrance into industrial production is making is carried into the political field it must mean changes so vast and so far-reaching as to involve substantially the revolution of our present civilization.—Rev. A. A. Berle, Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

## THE NAMESAKE

"Jack, you know I wanted him called just Henry Arnold, after your father and mine," regretfully sighed the mother of the baby as she laid down the letter her husband had given her to read. "What a shame to saddle an innocent child, who can't defend himself, with such a name as Ebenezer!"

"Yes, but when you think of the goods that come with Ebenezer it seems imprudent to spurn the offer of Uncle Eb," he replied. "If our son is at all like his daddy he'll be glad to get those dollars Uncle Eb mentions so casually."

"Well, I suppose he'll have to be Ebenezer Henry Arnold Hammond, for of course your Uncle Eb will want his name to be first, but I shall always call the baby Henry."

"We'll call him anything you say, but name him Ebenezer we must. Don't be downhearted about it, dear. Ebenezer already begins to sound quite distinguished as I reflect upon the glory of the bank deposit that goes with it."

That evening when the father stole into his wife's room he found his wife gazing at the baby with a countenance of smiles and tears.

"Jack," she said, "I want to introduce you to Ebenezer Nathaniel Henry Arnold Hammond."

"Ebenezer Nathaniel! What a combination! Why Nathaniel?"

"Why, you haven't forgotten Uncle Than?"

"I never associated 'Than' with Nathaniel."

"I've always been Uncle Than's favorite niece, and when he called up on the long-distance to-day and asked what the baby's name was to be, as he wanted to know on account of the alteration in his will made necessary by the new member of the family, of course I couldn't help asking him if baby could be his namesake."

"Ebenezer Nathaniel!" repeated the dazed father.

"I can hardly keep from crying when I think of it. I hope he will be forgiving when he grows up, and will try to realize that we did it for the best. You know Uncle Than's love to leave his money any way he chooses. I almost wish, though, that we didn't have any rich relatives."

"Well, I suppose we'd better take the goods the gods provide," said Jack. "Here's a letter I found in the hall as I came in. It's from Grandmother Hammond. Let's see what she has to say about her great-grandchild. Here, what's this?" A pink slip of paper fluttered out as he opened the letter.

"A christening present. How do you feel, Sue? Could you stand a few more names?"

"What, more of them?" she cried, aghast.

"I'm a very proud old woman," writes granny. "It is with the greatest pleasure that I make out my first check for John Henry the fourth, for, of course, the great-grandson of my dear husband will bear his name, as do his son and grandson."

"Ebenezer Nathaniel John Henry Arnold Hammond!" burst forth the young mother. "Why, Jack, it's impossible!"

"Nothing appears to be impossible in the naming line, dear. Our boy will have as many names as a crown prince."

"Perhaps I'm foolish, but I want to give up the christening party we had planned. I couldn't bear to invite people to hear us burden our child with that awful list of names. When I'm strong enough to travel, let's take baby and the nurse and go up into the country where I lived when I was a little girl and have our old clergyman, Mr. St. John, baptize him."

"Just as you say, dear," answered Jack.

A month later, when Jack, with the baby in his arms, stood with Sue by the baptismal font in the little country church, he said in answer to the question of the old minister, "Ebenezer Nathaniel John Henry Arnold."

"What's that? I'm a little hard of hearing," said the minister, as he took the child from his father.

"Ebenezer Nathaniel John Henry Arnold," repeated Jack, bringing out the last two words strongly in an endeavor to make himself heard above the surprisingly lusty cry of the baby.

Smiling into the distorted little face, the clergyman gently touched the small forehead and said, "I name thee Henry Arnold."

A little later, when the young parents found themselves alone with their son on the church steps, they gazed at each other with astonished and delighted eyes.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked Jack.

"I think he is the dearest old minister in the world," replied his wife.

"But, Sue, what about all those anas that young Henry Arnold here has gathered in on false pretenses?"

"Well, we're not to blame because poor old Mr. St. John is so deaf, are we?"

"No, I suppose not," agreed Jack, thoughtfully, suppressing the question that was on his lips.

During the past 20 years the lakes of Russian central Asia have shown a steady rise of water-level in the entire region between the fortieth parallel and the trans-Siberian railway, and from the Caucasus to Chinese Turkestan. Within this period, or since 1885, the Sea of Aral has risen about six and a half feet. The phenomenon has accompanied a period of augmentation of rainfall, and scientists think that it has now attained its maximum.

## CLIP THIS OUT.

Valuable Recipe When Afflicted with Rheumatism or Backache.

This is a renowned doctor's very best prescription for rheumatism.

"One ounce compound syrup Sarsaparilla; one ounce Toris compound; half pint high grade whiskey. Mix them and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bed time. The bottle must be well shaken each time."

Any druggist has these ingredients or he will get them from his wholesale house.

## HIS TIME WAS SHORT.



She—What do you mean, Lieut. Schmidt? You have known me only two days and want to kiss me?

He—Can't help it! My leave is up to-morrow.

## SORE EYES CURED.

Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—All Other Treatments Failed, But

Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved, and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall always praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

## Ancients Wore Sheath Gowns.

It need not be supposed that even feminine fashions can evolve something new under the sun. A learned Egyptologist discloses that the sheath gown was popular among the ladies of the Nile 15 centuries before the Christian era. One gown was made of fine linen, adorned with elaborate designs. The professor thinks that the slit in the side was intended to display the wearer's precious anklets. These ancient ladies also dressed their hair elaborately with puffs and padding. They painted their faces and lips, as shown by rouge and pomade jars. All of this is reassuring to man who may have thought that some of the modern developments of the dressmaker were without precedent in their eccentricity. Once more is demonstrated the fit coupling of the words "eternal" and "feminine."

## Just Married.

Gwendolyn seemed a bit unhappy. "What is it, dearest?" murmured Harry solicitously. "I was merely thinking how terrible it would have been!" said Gwendolyn, with a shudder. "Terrible? What would have been terrible?" gasped Harry. "Oh," returned Gwendolyn, "if your father and mother had never met! Or mine had never met! Or we'd never have been born! Or hadn't loved each other—oh, Harry—oh! wouldn't it have been too terrible!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Song has wielded a strange power in human history; it seduces men from their homes to the field, it consoles those they leave behind, it voices the moods of the lover, the cynic, the drunkard, the puritan, the maiden, and the grandam; cowards and scholars, hussars and children, all, all. There are songs about nearly every imaginable thing on earth, except the writing and the reading of articles.—Rupert Hughes, in Smith's.

## A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long. Had I known the relief it would give my aching feet, I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtzner, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, Etc. Ask to-day.

Desperate But Effective. Knicker—So Jones has a good scheme? Bocker—Yes; he carries a little dynamite to blow up any auto that runs over him.

"Soft and Nice." She—George, dear, do you love me? He—Yes, darling; very much. She—Say something soft and nice to me. He—Oh, custard pie!—Judge.

A good guesser always boasts of his intuition.

## CONDUCTOR WENT TOO FAR

Diplomatic Step Was All Right, But He Didn't Know Just When to Stop.

A much-bothered conductor on an east-bound car was asked by a chilly lady passenger to close the ventilators. As he had already been importuned to open them by a half dozen other patrons he resorted to diplomacy.

"Madam," he said in a confidential tone, "I'd gladly close the ventilators, but unfortunately a health officer is aboard the car and he insists that they must be left open. I'd make myself liable to a lot of trouble if I opposed him."

"A health officer?" said the lady. "Yes'm," replied the conductor. And then intoxicated by the success of his scheme he unhappily added—"The one with the brown derby."

The lady looked and a change came over her face.

"The one with the brown derby?" she repeated.

"Yes'm. They say he's quite an expert on germs and things. I believe he's a German gentleman."

The lady stared at the conductor.

"He's nothing of the kind," she snapped. "The man with the brown derby is my husband!"

Whereupon the conductor beat a hasty retreat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

## Good Work Going Forward.

Following a whirlwind campaign against consumption in Charleston, the American tuberculosis exhibition of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis recently opened another exhibition movement in Greenville, S. C. After January 1 the work will be continued in Columbia, S. C., in connection with the session of the state legislature. Efforts will be made to secure an appropriation to fight tuberculosis. Another exhibition of the National Association has just closed a campaign in Colorado, and is now touring Oklahoma. A state-wide fight will be waged in this state. Later, this exhibition will go to Arkansas.

## Diet of the Old.

A sane diet for a person of 70 or 75 should be made up largely of vegetables and fruit, some fish, some eggs, a little meat and simple cereals, if there is no inclination toward obesity.

Drinking with one's meals is not considered advisable, especially as liquids are apt to wash down the food before it is properly masticated. Two quarts of water, or more, should be taken between meals, however, during the day. Hot water is especially good for one who does not exercise much, as it flushes out the entire system. Stimulants, such as tea and coffee, should not be very strong.—Harper's Bazar.

## Disapproval.

"What makes those two women turn up their noses at each other so superciliously?"

"Possibly," replied Miss Cayenne, "each got a glimpse of the current novel the other was reading."

Some people suffer continually with tired, aching and swollen feet. Little do they know how soothing is Hamlin's Balm and Oil. Rub it in at night and have thankful, happy feet in the morning.

You can't blame the man who has got his winter's coal in for feeling just a little better than the rest of the neighborhood.

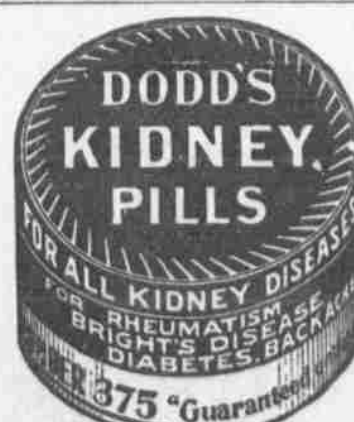
The man who can maintain a reputation for wisdom in the presence of a youth just out of college is a wonder.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

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A married man can always get a little off his sentence for bad behavior.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Did anybody ever ask the weeping willow why it does it?

## NOTHING REMARKABLE.



The Mayor—Just think, admiral, I've married 20 people in two hours. The Admiral—Well, that's only ten knots an hour.

## The Mother of Invention.

An insurance man in a small town was giving a dinner to a friend particularly high up in insurance circles. Alas! he recalled at the last moment his friend smoked. It was too late. Every cigar stand was closed. What could he do? An idea occurred to him and he went out into the hall. There hung his friend's overcoat. It might contain—he was now searching the pockets. In a moment he brought forth a cigar.

Nonchalantly he returned to the library. "Ah," he said, pausing on the threshold, "here is an unusually fine cigar. Will you not try it? I don't smoke, you know."

Of course it was an old bachelor who said that love was hatched in an incubator and raised in an insane asylum.

Stamps of German Domestic. Each week there is pasted in the little blank book that every servant girl in Germany must possess a postage stamp to the value of about five cents.

This stamp is a donation, compulsory under the German law, which the mistress must afford the servant. Should the girl fall ill, the stamps are redeemed by the government, or the servant may retain the stamps indefinitely until, when she has attained a ripe old age, the government pays her a premium for them.—The Sunday Magazine.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *Dr. J. C. Watson*

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W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, NO. 52-1909.

## A Poor Weak Woman

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Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG.

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If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

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